

THE LIBLY.

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NO. 4.

POETRY.

From the Connecticut Fountain.

The Temperance Flag.

Lift the Temperance standard high,
And let it proudly wave,
Until all the world shall see,
And own its power to save!
To save from want, and woe, and grief,
And bring to sorrowing hearts relief.
Unfurl this banner to the breeze,
And let the tidings flow
Throughout the Nation's vast domain,
Until the world shall know
That Temperance will give you peace,
And crown your hopes till Life doth cease.

The Sons of Bacchus see the Flag,
That waves so proud and free—
They throw the poisonous cup aside,
And shout for Liberty!
And hail with joy the glorious day,
That freed them from the monster's sway.
Long may the glorious banner wave,
Till all shall own its sway,
And every Son of Bacchus hail,
With joy, the auspicious day—
When to the Pledge they placed their name,
Resolving to be men again! E.L.C.

SELECTED TALE.

From Ned Buntline's Own.

A Capital Joke—and its Consequences.

BY THE VEILED AUTHOR.

'Depend upon it,' said my friend, Mur Doorch, 'Henry Carson is a splendid fellow—a magnificent fellow—a young man of tremendous promise.'

And my friend smoked away with all his accustomed gravity, and with astonishing industry.

Now, I seldom allow myself to controvert any position taken by my worthy friend; less than ever was I disposed to be at issue with him in the present instance.

I therefore nodded assent, and continued to peruse the manuscript, in the correction of which I was engaged.

'Yes, Henry Carson is a capital fellow,' pursued Mur Doorch, taking the pipe from his lips, and suffering vast volumes of smoke to escape from his capacious mouth. 'He is wealthy—and that's something; he moves in the very highest circles—as people call 'em, tho' as for me, I hav'nt much faith in the high and low of this world, or the next, either; he has original genius, and that's a great consideration; he has improved his advantages, and graduated with the highest

honors and the brightest promise; and to sum up, he is kind, affable, generous, with a choice and large circle of friends, and an admiring family.'

'All that you say is very true,' I returned, without taking my eyes from the manuscript.

My friend had not exaggerated in the least, in speaking of the virtues and advantages of young Carson.

Born with an excellent physical, moral, and intellectual constitution, and blest with all the facilities for cultivation which wealth qualified him to receive, and quick withal to appreciate opportunities, he may truly be said to have been at once the envy and pride of his native city. Nor would I entirely leave out of the account the fact, that his was a fine figure, that his were somewhat delicate, but very regular features; nor would I omit to mention that these attractions enhanced his value with those who attach an undue consequence to personal appearance.

But young Carson had one vice. It was a vice though very few, at that time, regarded it as such.

He drank intoxicating drinks—not to great excess, it is true, but still he drank—still he stood within the circle of an awful peril; hissing sorrow and black, misty clouds rolled, muttered, and threatened around. But he thought not of danger—his friends thought not of danger—and even his own parents, and his only sister—a blooming, beautiful, and affectionate girl—partook of the general unconcern.

This vice, so often the parent of all others, grew within the bosom of Carson. Very few observed it—he did not, his relatives did not. But still the vice grew more imperious—it claimed greater, dearer sacrifices.

The vice grew and strengthened.

Why did not those parents, who anticipated proud honors for their son—who saw him, in their fond pride, the chosen in the temple of human genius—why did not that sister, who loved him so purely, as a sister only can love; why did not those friends who professed such loyal adherence to his interests—why did they not all unite their efforts in holding him back from disgrace and ruin? Why?

At last, one wet, dark night, Carson was carried home drunk. It was the first instance of his complete intoxication; and, of course, the event created no pleasant sensation, except in the bosoms of a few who were low-minded enough to feel envious of the young man's popularity. The parents and sister were deeply grieved, and in their grief a very large body of friends sincerely partook.

Carson himself felt his degradation with all the poignancy of an elevated mind; his self-respect had received a terrible blow; a blight had fallen over his glorious prospects; but as it is usually the case in such circumstances, the very bitterness of his feelings, and reflections, drove him again to the vice, in the practice of which they had originated.

And now Carson, in whom so many hopes and

expectations had centered, was a confirmed inebriate. Day after day, night after night, saw him the victim of the fascinating poison—saw him tossing on the billows of the drunkard's hell.

His self-respect fell with each debasing draught. He neglected his dress, and staggered through the streets, ragged and stained, often bare-headed with his long tangled hair streaming in the wind; gradually he sought low associates, and mingled with them in a thousand disgusting fooleries.

At length a fever arrested Carson in his course of dissipation and infamy. He was confined to his room and bed for several weeks; even his life was despaired of. Finally, aided by the best medical skill, and a naturally vigorous constitution, he began slowly to recover. At this juncture he was visited by a gentleman—an entire stranger—who announced himself as a temperance lecturer. He had just arrived in the city, in answer to an invitation from a few friends of the temperance cause to pay them a visit, and he had an appointment to lecture that very evening. The lecturer—himself a reformed inebriate, who had gained a considerable reputation in the ranks of the Washingtonians—spent an hour or more in earnest expostulation with Carson, and then left, satisfied that he had produced an effect.

The lecture on that evening was well attended, and a degree of interest manifested, which warranted a continuation of the meetings. About a week afterwards Carson was enabled to leave his room. Still weak and pale, he staggered to the public hall, where a large audience was assembled—signed the pledge of total abstinence, and with his small tremulous voice, made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the principles of the Washingtonians. This act was received with universal and protracted applause which shook the hall to its foundation.

There was another change in Henry Carson. He recovered his health, his self-respect, and his virtuous habits. He was indeed purer than ever; for he forsook the use of intoxicating liquors entirely, and broke asunder all those associations which were likely to bring him within the influence of temptation. Again he was happy and respected—again his hopes and the hopes of friends were bright, and his achievements worthy of intellect. Amid the general rejoicing at this happy change, my friend Mur Doorch, who had been in despair through all the period of Carson's dissipation, at the prospective dissipation of his own hopes, my old friend, I say, lighted an extra pipe, and raised a most astonishing cloud of the 'delicious' vapor.

Two years went smoothly, rapidly, happily by. The fame of young Carson had risen equal to the most sanguine anticipations of kindred and friends. After all, was not a bright destiny his? Great God! how is the Future veiled to mortal ken!—We fling a glance upon its wide domain, an earnest, searching glance, but it is lost in clouds that mingle with the morrow's sun!

We now approach the most melancholy scene in young Carson's History.

There is a wedding in his father's house. His pure, young, and affectionate sister is to marry a distinguished senator, a noble-hearted, high-souled man. It is a happy day. The great family saloon is filled with a throng of kindred and friends embracing the beauty, the talent, the wealth, and the fashion of an extensive acquaintance, sparkling in jewels, plumes, and satins, and participating in the wit, the mirth, and the joy of so rare and proud an occasion.

It is a happy day.

The ceremony was done, and the multiplied congratulations over, and then—

The wine was produced!

Why did not some good, ministering angel demolish the first glass that appeared?

Oh, you know, it was a *fashionable* wedding—a *fashionable* company. To have done without wine would have been very vulgar, you know, very vulgar!

Why?—

Tush! thou ignorant moraliser! What harm can a little wine do, on so glad an occasion? Out upon thee, for thy principles!—this is a genteel party: so let's be merry with the sparkling wine!

The wine was passed, and all partook of it, save the clergyman and young Carson. The former had long practiced total abstinence, and was a venerable witness of the blessings of the principle; and the latter had remained true to his pledge during the two years that had passed since his appearance in the temperance meeting, and he was determined never to violate it.

The wine continued to pass and re-pass around the great circle, but Henry Carson, with the worthy clergyman, persisted in refusing the glass.

There were few in the splendid company who did not admire the principles of the young man, his integrity, his firmness in the midst of such fascinating temptation, his lofty self-denial impressed many a heart with a higher opinion of Carson than the mere power of his genius could ever have created.

But there were in that saloon three young men who were impressed with the importance—not of moral principle—but the necessity of playing "a capital joke" on young Carson. They must have a "joke"—it was just the time, and "such a sprig of temperance" ought to furnish matter for a laugh.

They drew Carson in their midst, and made use of every means that suggested itself to their shallow minds to induce him to drink. He steadily refused. Perhaps he did not treat their persuasions with that righteous indignation which their infamy merited; but it was a day of joy, and, strong in his self-confidence, he was content to give a mild but firm refusal. Neither arguments, entreaties, or sneers were capable of moving him, and the effort would have been given up entirely, had not a new thought suggested itself to the trio.

Among the company was a young lady, who, on account of her rare personal attractions, and the number of conquests she had made was termed the belle of the city. Miss Vainly—as I shall call her—was not a heartless girl, but she lacked discretion, and was not destitute of that pride and imperious demeanor which so commonly distinguished those occupying a position like her's in society. Nor was this lady destitute of an interest in the heart of Carson—an interest springing, in some degree, perhaps from her beauty and her position, but more from a kind of wild witchery which she could at any time exercise over those who came in her presence.

All this was known to the trio, and they determined to make Miss Vainly the instrument in corrupting the integrity of Carson.

Unobserved by the latter, they laid their plans before the lady, who was seated in a distant part of the room—impressing upon her the fact, however, that it was "only for a capital joke" on Carson—something to increase the mirth and joy of the occasion. She at first refused—still hesitated after much persuasion. They persevered and flattered; and at last, having exercised an ingenu-

ity "worthy of a better cause," they prevailed—she consented.

The scheme, the culpability of which none seemed to realize, was confined strictly to the three young men and their beautiful accomplice. No one else dreamed of the "capital joke" that was in progress.

A message was sent from Miss Vainly to Carson, while the trio, from a distant corner, waited for the result of their cunning.

Carson obeyed the message, and was soon engaged in a lively conversation with the lady. In a few moments, a servant drew near, bearing on a silver waiter two wine glasses, brimming with the sparkling liquid. By this time the company were too much engaged with each other to notice the proceedings, if we except the trio, whose eyes were riveted on the pair.

The lady took up the glass in her beautiful jeweled hands, and politely offered one to Carson, with that confidence which showed that she viewed it as quite a common-place matter. The young man, though he blushed deeply, had the fortitude to refuse, which he did in polite terms. But the lady surveyed him with an air of well-feigned astonishment, not unmingled with pique; and she asked him tauntingly, while her great black eyes flashed that fire so difficult to be resisted, "if he would refuse to drink with *her*?"

Alas! that moment sealed the doom of Henry Carson. His will was paralysed—he took the proffered glass—lifted it to his lips—and drank—one swallow, only one. But that was enough.

"You have broken your pledge!" cried the trio, rushing forward and confronting the wretched man. "Ha! ha! ha! Your pledge is broken!"

Carson was as pale as death.

The whole scheme rushed upon his mind in an instant. He flung a glance of mingled woe and vengeance on those who had thus conspired against his honor, and then drained the glass.

"Ha! ha! ha! a capital joke!—broke his pledge—fine, isn't it?" screamed the trio.

"Lady!" said Carson, in a voice fearfully calm and measured, and with an eye that revealed the terrible depth of his thoughts—"lady, as you have prevailed, you can now dispense with my company, while I show these *friends*," pointing to the trio, "how desperate a man can be who has violated his honor. Come, my friends, follow me!"

Miss Vainly was silent with fear. The pale, fearful looks of Carson alarmed her extremely, and she now saw that the "joke" was likely to have a serious termination.

Without saying another word the young man pushed open a small private door, and led his three comrades within another apartment. He then closed and fastened the door. By this time the trio began to manifest evidence of alarm; but Carson led them instantly to a long table, covered with bottles, decanters, and glasses.

His face was still very pale, and there was an expression of resolution upon it which no one could behold without fear. It was an expression which denoted a desperate resolve—a resolve that would not be thwarted—that would not even bear a contradiction.

With a hand that trembled slightly he turned out four glasses of brandy, and pushing three of them toward the trio, while he raised the other to his lips, he cried, in a tone at once imperious and mocking:

"My friends, we'll drink to the praise of your rare and meritorious cunning!"

The young man drained his glass as he spoke. The trio, after a moment's hesitation, did the same. The shudder which ran through their frames as they sat down their glasses, showed that they were not perfectly used to such draughts of raw brandy. But Carson was unmoved, apparently, by the contents of his own glass, for the strange glance of his eyes showed the same determined and mysterious purpose.

The four glasses were instantly filled again.

"The liquor is good," cried Carson, "and one glass but creates a craving for more. Drink to the praise of Miss Vainly's beauty!" and he pushed the three glasses before the trio.

They hesitated and exchanged glances.

"Drink, my friends!—drink!" cried the young man.

They begged to be excused.

"Never—you must drink. The man who refuses to drink to the praise of her beauty insults me, and I will hold him to an account!"

They drained their glasses again—so did Carson. "That will do, I trust!" said one of the trio, as he put down his glass, with a look of agony.

"I trust so, too," said another, "for this liquor is awful raw. Besides, we have sacrificed to both cunning—"

"Here is another glass apiece," pursued the relentless Carson; "another glass of the same excellent liquor. Drink again to the praise of her beauty—she is worthy of two glasses, at least!"

The four glasses were filled again; but the trio refused to drink more. They already felt themselves consuming with the horrible fire-water they had swallowed.

But Carson, in addition to the consciousness of his blighted honor, now felt the maddening influences of the liquor he himself had drunk. He would tolerate no refusal. In an loud, imperative tone, he bade them drink or consider him their enemy.

But the trio were firm, and Carson was instantly enraged.

"Drink," he cried, "or I treat you all as men who have insulted me!"

They expostulated—he threatened. By this time the sound of the contention had reached the ears of all those in the saloon, and voices were heard at the door—some demanding admittance, and others asking the cause of the uproar.

The trio advanced toward this door; but they had scarcely proceeded three steps before as many glasses were shivered against their heads, cutting and mangling them in a frightful manner, and sprinkling them with the liquor they had refused to drink.

The trio raised a yell of rage and pain, while Carson confronted them with another demand to drink. But at that instant the door was forced open, and a throng rushed into the private room. The whole transaction was soon explained. The trio submitted their heads to the care of a surgeon, while Miss Vainly took refuge in a fainting fit.

It is impossible to describe, in proper terms, the scene that ensued. The whole company were now thrown into a chaos of confusion and terror. The scene which, half an hour before, was one of pleasure and enjoyment, was now one of agony, shame and gloom. Such unparalleled conduct, on the part of their son, who had been the object of so much pride and hope, was enough to sink the grey-haired parents in the dust.

And such an event darkening her bridal day, falling in the midst of so much pleasure and enjoyment, was enough to break the heart of that gentle sister, and mar her peace evermore in life.

Amid the confusion of groans, lamentations, regrets, exclamations of wonder, proffers of consolation, &c., &c., Henry Carson paced up and down the gorgeous saloon, with a cold, stern, terrible look printed on his marble face. The company dispersed—the bridal-room was a place of shadows. Still the young man continued to pace the saloon, wrapped in his own dark thoughts—conscious of but one thing—DISGRACE; resolved upon but one thing—DEATH!

The sequel of this melancholy but true tale, is told in a single paragraph:

That very night Henry Carson committed suicide. Miss Vainly, filled with horror at the consequences of her unthinking act, and prayed upon night and day by remorse, appeared no more in the gay circles of her city, but yet seeks to expiate her crime, in seclusion and repentance. The trio livé—victims of remorse and objects of shame. The young bride was prostrated by the event of her brother's terrible fate, and with difficulty recovered. The parents soon found a refuge from sorrow in the father-land of departed souls.

Is there no harm in gracing (!) the bridal-board with wine?

Written for the Lily.

The Nebular Theory.

SECTION III.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Let us trace the development of these principles in the formation of the Solar System. This whole System—eighteen moons, twelve planets and the sun, formed one mighty mass. The electrical agency was at work—centrifugal motion induced, a ring formed and burst into thirteen parts, of which the sun was more than equal to all the rest. Of course, the twelve (now called) planets commenced their revolutions around the largest body, which in breaking up of the immense ring was retarded in axis motion, and consequently ceased to give off new planets. Some of the twelve planets followed the laws of the great original, and formed for themselves moons as we now behold in the case of Georgium Sidus, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Earth. Mars, Venus, Mercury, Ceres Pallas, Juno and Vesta were too small to produce such an effect, and whether the new planet of Leverrier is blest with such an appendage is not yet determined.

The sublimity of this spectacle is heightened by its simplicity. Against the means employed, no objection can be urged; for God is not limited in instrumentalities to accomplish his ends!—Duration is his throne! while Omnipotence sustains gravitation in force, all other agents must perform the functions, destined by the peculiar nature of their creation.

PROOF OF THE NEBULAR THEORY.—SATURN.

We come now to the examination of some of those facts, that we hold as proofs of the "Theory" under consideration. We have seen, that as a consequence of motion, the poles of the revolving body, was flattened—the equator extended, until the centre was opened, and a ring formed, prior to fragmentation. Could we be assured, that matter passed through this process, by looking into the heavens, and see a dozen spheres forming from one, we should be better satisfied with the Theory. This depending on deduction however plausible some might feel in danger of being led astray. But if we must despair of ever beholding the process of world-making, yet, as if, for an encouragement to investigation a stepping stone has been furnished for the bold adventurer in search of truth. Saturn with her appendage is certainly the most instructive planet we may astronomically examine. Here we not only to discover the destruction of former rings, in the shape of her seven moons, but we have preserved two beautiful rings yet entire, encircling the planet in their vast inclosure. Yet, indeed, we might, without a knowledge of Saturn, be led to gaze away among the "orbs of night" expecting to find such abortive efforts of nature; knowing from legitimate deduction, that as matter was reduced by division, such a checking of nature's operation would be extremely probable. But we are not left to conjecture, that matter may assume the ring-form, for lo! Gravitation balancing the power of projection, too bright annular bodies float above us, pointing the weary mind, to proofs, that throw prostrate every antagonist.

HOW CAME THESE RINGS TO BE PRESERVED?

It is found by investigation that these rings, possess a nature in common with the planet, the difference arising, only from the assumed form. But it may be asked with reason, how is it, that in the case of these rings alone, they are the only ones found, in which gravitation was equal to the force of projection. I am hardly willing, that, referring it to chance, shall solve the problem. It would seem that at the rupturing of the ring, when Saturn was combined with all the matter of her present appendages, an unusual number of fragments were formed, and that two of these immediately, commenced forming rings by increased velocity, while the others may have been retarded in fragmentation. But when so advanced in process of dissolution, the attractive influence between these rings, thus expand-

ing, and the main body, began, and union took place. This additional matter at the centre, uniting with the force of gravity in the annuli counterbalance their centrifugal power and thus forever indemnified them against destruction.

PLANETS MOVE IN THE SAME DIRECTION AND IN NEARLY THE SAME PLANE.

We have, not only, the rings of Saturn, to give circumstantial evidence of the correctness of Nebular Theory, but inferences amounting to palpable proof, are suggested, in our examination of the Solar System. One is the uniform direction of the planets around the sun, all pursue the same course. Again, why do we not see planets, traversing the plane of the ecliptic, at right angles to it, would they not as likely be found so, under another principle of organization. Yet all the planets move nearly in the same plane. To illustrate, suppose radii should be produced from the centre of the sun, extending indefinitely beyond its surface, like the arms of a vast wheel; the space included between these radii, would represent the plane of the Solar System; within which, or varying but a few degrees, on each side all the planets pass around their common centre. This all accords with what must be under the Nebular process. The wheel, the ring, and rupturing, would place the spheres on the same plane, while the length of radius that each exhibits, depends on acquired velocity and gravitation.

From the American Temperance Recorder.

The New Year's Glass.

"So you refuse a glass of wine with me this New Year's morning. Mr. Carl?" said a fair lady and very young, to a youth of not more than nineteen.

"Nay, I beg pardon!" answered the youth.—"It was among my mother's solemn warnings: and I perhaps have a peculiar reason—." The young man hesitated and blushed.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed some companions, gazing upon the confused youth as each held a glass of wine in his hand.

Miss Lyons, the young lady in question, remarked—"You are very excusable, Mr. Carl; but yet, if you will," she added with her sweet smile, and stretching forth a small waiter towards him, "we should be pleased to have you join us."

The young man ventured to raise his eyes.—The gaze of the whole group was riveted upon him. A lovely woman bent upon him her smile and bewitching glance, while in her hand she held forth to him the beguiling cup. The blood tingled in the youth's cheek. "Sweet tempter," he inaudibly whispered, and the glass was in his hand.

"Compliments of the season!" re-echoed from each one of the happy group, and every glass was emptied. The youth had broken the ice and resisted no more.

"Come! We have a hundred calls to make," said his companions; and amidst scrapes, and bows, and flattering words, they departed.

That night Mr. Carl was carried to the station-house a raving madman from the effects of wine. Six years have scarce elapsed, and he lies mouldering in dust—a victim of delirium tremens, and the NEW YEAR'S GLASS.

From the New York Organ.

Life's Changing Scenes.

BY R. ALBERTSON, JR.

I saw a youth just springing into manhood, with hope as bright as the morning star. His heart was light, and his step was free and bold. He rejoiced in his youth and strength. He feared no evil. His eye sparkled with delight; and as he gazed upon a beautiful form before him, I saw a smile of happiness unmingled play upon his lips. She was his! Fair as the morning light; her bright eye full of love, gazed trustingly into his own, and as she wound her fair white arms around his neck and imprinted upon his lips a kiss, I prayed—"LORD! KEEP MY HEART FROM IDOLS!"

I saw a train of youths sweep by with noise and merriment. Among them there was one with the flush of mad excitement and false pleasure burning on his cheek. I followed on, and saw them enter where many of the loved and gifted ones of earth had entered but to fall. I looked. It was a lofty, spacious saloon. The lights shone forth with brilliancy upon gorgeous furniture and costly decorations. The sweet sounds of soft, subduing music captivated the listening ear, and yet I saw that the deep, dark games of chance were there. The bland smile of her who had "forsaken the guide of her youth," shone forth in treacherous beauty, and as the poisonous wine-cup glittered in that young man's hand, I turned away and prayed—"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION!"

I saw a form upon a couch, with pale, uncolored cheek, save now and then a crimson flash, and all was marble-like again. A youthful form it seemed; but vice, the fatal emissary and precursor of disease and death, had breathed upon him with its poisonous breath and left its venom there. I saw—and there, beside that couch, knelt one that I had seen before. Pale and sad from sorrow and neglect, yet beautiful even now, as the big tear-drops one after another, like glittering pearls, rolled silently down her pale cheeks.

—And wonder not,

For him she loved was all she called her own. And now she breathes to Heaven a fervent, bitter prayer for him. Bitter! Ah, yes! She knows too well that he must leave her. "Save him; O God! with thy salvation save!" And as she wound her arms around his neck, and imprinted upon his lips that long, hot, burning kiss, I prayed—"FATHER! BE THOU THE WIDOW'S GOD!"

Jamesport, L. I., Sept. 30, 1848.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—The City Item, always a sparkling paper, tells a good anecdote about popping the question.

A few weeks ago, it seems, in this city, a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself he would do it in a collected and business like manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, I would say, "Miss S—, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed I love you and would gladly make you my wife."

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S—, to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"Well, I declare," said the ladies in chorus.

The lady and gentleman, good reader, have since been married.

APOLOGUE.—Near a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in heaven, his rays fell on the tear and the dew-drop, but glanced with a double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, addressed its neighbor—"How darest thou appear thus solitary and lustreless?" The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that just then wantoned near them, paused in its flight, brushed down its wings the glittering dew-drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace, carried it up to heaven.

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of righteousness.—[M. Henry.

How dreadful, how dark, and how appalling is the future to the heart of unbelief! No God, no hope!

Written for the Lily.
Can Woman Fall so Low!

About twenty three years ago there lived in the city of Troy an intelligent and highly respectable man by the name of H—. He was affable in his deportment, honorable and upright in all his business transactions, and to say all in a word—a living consistent christian; and of course gathered around him a circle of loving and confiding friends. An affectionate wife walked with him down the pathway of life, and a family of interesting children clustered around them.

He was a very ingenious artizan, and at the time of which we speak was the owner of a large Stove and Tin establishment. His business had been richly prospered, and he had added house to house until he was deemed a man of affluence, his hand upon each spring of earthly comfort. He reared for himself a beautiful mansion, providing everything that could render it a comfortable and delightful home. Well do I recollect, although but twelve years of age, the marks of attentive, kindly considerations, that every where characterized his establishment. "I should be a happy man," said he about that time, to a dear friend, "if the enjoyments of my dear wife were more spirited, and intellectual." She was agreeable, and affectionate, but wanting in that purity and elevation of taste so sweet in woman—a christian woman. Preparations for a rich and delicate variety for the palate, occupied a large share in her domestic arrangements, while the culture of hallowed and refined affections, and intellectual good came in for small consideration. Shortly after the remark alluded to above, there came a whisper as on zephyr wings, that Mrs. H— sometimes tasted the wine cup to her own injury. Few, however, could believe the painful report, but soon a confirmation came too tangible to be longer doubted. A gradual disorder and unhappiness, crept over that once orderly and beautiful home. A sorrowful husband, untidy children, careless, sneering domestics, fill up the melancholy picture. Poor Mrs. H., little did she think the first indulgence of appetite would lead to such results!

But this is not all: we have not reached the climax of this painful delineation. The heart-broken husband, stung with disgrace and disappointment, flies himself to the maddening bowl! Soon their abode of elegant comfort was exchanged for an inferior one; and they were driven from house to house, until the last and poorest in their possession sheltered their unhappy heads.

Thus I left them, and being removed to a distance, have never learned the sequel of their history. Let us indulge the pleasing hope that the glorious Temperance Reform has taken them on her eagle pinions, and borne them aloft, where the scene of their humiliation will be remembered, but as an affecting memorial of woman's weakness, and woman's powers. I would in this connection say a few words to mothers. It is too often the case that our not having a great variety of food upon our table is subject of remark, and induces much reproachful tittering gossip, while the fact that hundreds are famishing around us for the want of food for the mind is matter of supreme indifference. These things ought not so to be. We should cherish in our children—daughters particularly, an intense love for the pure, the spiritual, the beautiful. In so doing we may form an inclosure surrounded by a wall of agate, filled with lovely plants and precious fruit, that will seldom, we think, be desecrated by the foul tread of sensuality or intemperance.

M. E. B.

Written for the Lily.
The Miseries of Intemperance.

How little those know of the blighting curse entailed upon mankind by the legalized poison alcohol, who have never had its miseries visited upon them. They sit at ease in their quiet, comfortable homes, surrounded by unnumbered blessings, little thinking of the sorrows which are breaking the hearts of many tender and delicate beings like themselves, who were reared in afflu-

ence, and caressed, and beloved by fond parents, and kind friends, but who are doomed to toil on, and drag out a weary life of misery and want.

Such thoughts as these passed my mind, when a few days since I heard that a friend of my youth was in deep distress, mourning over the degradation of him whom she had chosen to be her companion through life, and who had vowed before God to love and cherish her so long as he should live. Alas! for the weakness or wickedness of man, that temptation can so easily induce him to break such holy vows, and lead him to treat with cruelty and neglect, a loving wife and children. But so it is.

The friend of whom I speak was a gay, light hearted girl, some two or three years younger than myself. We were schoolmates in childhood and our intercourse in more advanced years was frequent. Her marriage took place soon after my own, and for a time her prospects for the future seemed fair and bright, but the truth too soon burst upon her, that he whom she so dearly loved was treading the drunkard's thorny path. Imagination fails to picture the agony of mind, which such a disclosure must bring upon a fond wife! For a time he pursued his downward course, then came a change—a happy change. The glorious temperance reform arrested his steps, and he united with that noble band of brothers, and firmly resolved to be no longer overcome by the enemy who had so long held him bound. Oh! the joy which gladdened the heart of his fond wife! How heartily did she bless the kind friends who had aided in rescuing him from destruction, and how gladly did she unite her feeble efforts with theirs, to strengthen this great cause, and speed it on to its final triumph!

But alas! she was doomed to more bitter sorrow than she had yet experienced. For two or three years her loved one withstood the temptations which everywhere assailed him; but at last he gave way, and fell. The "legalized blood hounds" were on his track, greedy for their prey, and determined if possible to overcome and destroy him. They have accomplished their purpose. He is again in their power, and not only he, but his sorrowing heart-broken wife, and tender babes must also be sacrificed to glut their thirst. His wife is indeed changed. I recall her smiling, happy face when a girl of seventeen, and then gaze upon the wreck which she now is, and turn shuddering from the picture. The rose no longer blooms upon her cheek—joy no longer beams from her eye, her step is feeble, and despair is pictured on her once lovely face.

And why is all this? Why must thousands of the fairest and loveliest of God's creatures be yearly sacrificed upon the altar of intemperance? We look with horror upon the pagan idolator who can offer up human beings as a sacrifice to his gods, while we christians of this enlightened nineteenth century annually make an offering of ten thousand victims to the god ALCOHOL!!! It is a startling truth, that the laws of our land sanction the slaying of so large a number annually by this tyrant. No heathen god ever was so blindly worshipped. No pagan ever made such cruel sacrifice. For many, many years, the prayers, the tears, the groans, the shrieks, of the dying victims have been his sport. He has stripped his votaries of property, character, reason, health—yes, life itself. The heart's blood of countless numbers has been spilled to satisfy his cravings, and yet he cries for more. The work still goes on, and is defended and sustained by those who are next to be the victims. Where, oh! where will it end?

A Sketch.

Written for the Lily.

It was night in Bethany; a night gloriously beautiful; calm as the closing of a good man's life. Stars looked brightly down from heaven's blue vault, and the pale moon bathed dome and temple in a flood of mellow light. Strains of music from regal halls were borne upon the air, and night-blooming flowers shed around their per-

fume. Very beautiful wert thou in thy days of pride, oh, Bethany! but thy glory has passed away, and what thou hast been thou never more shall be. But was there nought of sorrow in thy pillared halls! Did the life-blood beat warm and high, in every heart, and gladness sparkle in every eye? Was there no head low bowed in sadness? None that prayed like Him, "Lord let this cup pass from me."

Dimly gleamed the lamp light in a curtained chamber, yet faintly as it shone, it disclosed a scene of wo all too painful for mortal eye—two sisters keeping midnight watch by a dying brother. Very lovely were those sisters, lovely even in their sorrow; they were orphans, and in this hearest thou not a tale of wo? speaks it not of days of anguish, and nights of weeping. A death scene, and a long parting. Again had the angel of death passed over; his dark shadow lingered upon the threshold, and a human heart ceased its throbbings—a brother's voice was hushed for ever. With him departed mild radiance, and heaven beaming lustre, and left instead a vacant place, and comfortless sorrow among kindred. At an early period, a messenger had been despatched to Him of Nazareth, with the sad intelligence that he whom He loved was sick; then came back the response that "the sickness was not unto death." Yet death was there, cold, stern and relentless. Earthly love had been powerless to retain the struggling spirit; its hands were loosed, its birthright gained. Slowly and mournfully passed the weary hours of night—cheerless and desolate was now their home; its light had faded, and sorrow, with its pale face, seemed ever sitting by its hearth-stone. Thick and fast came memories of happier hours, of glowing fancies, and bright dreams whose bloom was over, and then like strains of music from a purer world, they heard a voice whose sweetness had long been hushed in death, raised in prayer, supplication for them guidance from Omnipotence. It was a bright vision, but it soon vanished. Never again in this world shall those love-notes greet their ears, but their tones shall be sweet in heaven; there the links of the broken chain shall be bound again and the heart find peace. But have all kindred steps fled from earth's green paths. Is there no voice to soothe, or heart to cheer? and the pale face by the hearth-stone murmurs "none."

Slowly wound the funeral train to the mansions of the dead, the tomb receives its deposit. "Hymns die, and steps depart." "Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Not in reproach were these words wrung by grief from woman's heart, and not thus felt by the Holy one of Nazareth, for "Jesus wept." And now over the dark ocean of past sufferings streamed a ray of light; the Comforter was near. "Lazarus come forth!" Was it illusion? A faint color tinged the marble cheek, the lips parted, the dark eyelash was upraised, and glorious in its beauty beamed the dark eye, awakened now from the sleep of death.

That night from a home in Bethany arose the voice of prayer and thanksgiving.

ALICE LEE.

RELIGION.—There is a religion in everything around us—calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature; which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were, upon the heart. It has no terrors, no gloom approaches. It rouses not the passions, and is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is from the Author, and growing from the immediate presence which pervades and quickens it. It is written in the arched skies. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth where the shrubless mountains pierce the atmosphere of the eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuate before the strong winds with its dark waves of green foliage. It is that which lifts the spirit within, up until it is tall enough to overlook the shadow of our place of trial—which breaks link after link the chain which binds it to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty.

THE LILY.

MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1849.

Woman's wrong doing.

There is one pernicious practice existing among our own sex, which we feel bound to expose and condemn. It is the use of intoxicating liquors, in culinary preparations. There are ladies who profess to think it impossible to prepare food fit for the palate, unless they mix with it a certain quantity of deleterious compound in the form of alcohol. These ladies stand greatly in the way of the temperance reform. While they may condemn the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and pretend to be greatly in favor of temperance, yet they insist upon it, that cake, mince pie, or puddings, cannot be made eatable without it—and their friends must take just so much of the poison, as they see fit to season their food with.

Now all this appears to us strange and untrue. We have never in our life used a drop of alcohol in our cookery, and therefore may not be the proper ones to say how much its use may improve those dishes, but we do know, that any, and all of them may be made, not only eatable, but delicious, without the addition of this poisonous substance. But even admitting that alcohol may be an improvement, is it right—is it wise to use it?—Can we not, should we not, forego the pleasures of the palate, if we may thereby add strength to the temperance cause? Should we not be willing—nay, is it not our duty, to make sacrifice of our own gratification in this respect, if we may by so doing, be the means of banishing this great curse from community, and saving many of our fellow creatures from becoming victims to its cruel sway?

How can a mother teach her son that it is wrong for him to drink the intoxicating draught, when he knows that she makes free use of it in his food? How can she hope that her husband or son will escape the drunkard's fate, if she continues to administer to his appetite by adding wine to his pudding sauce, and various other preparations which she places before him? We know ladies in our own village whose husbands are strictly temperance men, who would gladly forego the use in every form of alcoholic drinks, but who are nevertheless obliged to supply their wives with such quantity as they see fit to use.—This is a sad truth, but a truth nevertheless.—Can such a woman be pitied, if the miseries of a drunkard's wife should at last be hers? Can she receive sympathy if her sons fall into the snare which she has laid, and become victims of the destroyer?

We would ask these ladies if they have ever tried to get along without the use of this deleterious compound. We fear they have not and that they have no wish to make the trial. They act from purely selfish motives, and have no sympathy with the poor afflicted victims of the rum traffic, or they could not thus sustain and lend respectability to that traffic. Would they but visit the drunkard's home, and witness the misery and wretchedness which is brought upon his family, once prosperous and happy as themselves, and hear the drunkard's wife recount her tale of woe, we believe they would think differently of this

matter. They could then sympathise with those who are trying to break loose from the galling yoke of intemperance; and instead of being stumbling blocks in our way, they would come to our aid with their whole hearts, and willingly forego the use of alcohol in every form, rather than lend their influence to sustain the cruel and death-dealing business of the rum seller.

We think this subject is attracting the attention of some who have hitherto practised what we now condemn; and that they are convinced, that the use of intoxicating drinks in the forms above mentioned is a great evil, and frequently attended with dangerous consequences. We hope that others will ere long turn their attention to this subject, and that we may yet hear them condemn as heartily as they now defend this pernicious practice.

Where does Intemperance Originate?

We were about making some remarks under the above head, when our eye fell upon the following article in the "Pledge of Honor." It is written by Mrs. E. M. Sheldon, editress of that paper, and as it so nearly meets our views, we withhold our own remarks, and copy it entire.—We think that there are but few who will deny the truths contained in it, if they will but reflect a moment on the subject. Some three or four weeks since, our oldest and most experienced physician publicly testified to the facts there asserted, and gave it as his firm belief, that more drunkards have been made by mothers than in any other way. He condemned the use of all cordials and syrups, which he says have more or less alcohol added to their composition, and are therefore highly injurious:—

Doubtless in the case of nine-tenths of the inebriates who are now a curse to themselves and to community, their appetite for the intoxicating draught was formed, and cultivated in the nursery—in the domestic circle, during the years of happy childhood. The first draught of the poison was received from a mother's hand! This is a startling assertion, but is it not true?

Look back a few years—within the period of your own recollection, and see how, from earliest infancy, all along up to manhood, alcohol in some form was considered a necessary part of daily comforts. Is it not strange that all were not made inebriates by such influences. The Temperance Reformation has done much to purify public sentiment,—“morning bitters” and daily “drams” are unfashionable now, thank Heaven! but woman is not fully awake to her responsibility—unconsciously she is even now, in hundreds of instances, cherishing a viper whose sting is death—death to her own happiness, death to the immortal interests of her children!

Brandy, wine and strong beer, are administered by mothers—Christian mothers—to their children, for every trifling ailment; and “sweet cider,” which never becomes sour, is a daily beverage.

Never, until woman abjures the use of alcohol in any and every form—never, until children are taught by precept and example, to shun the draught, however delicious, that contains the smallest portion of the liquid poison, will the Temperance Reformation move onward successfully, and the “Serpent of the Still” be vanquished forever.

This is woman's appropriate work—and this work must be accomplished.

It is no desire to see ruin and death spread abroad over the land—no desire to witness the destruction of bright hopes and domestic happiness—no want of interest in the progress of the Temperance cause, that has produced this

wrong doing—but it has been, and is now, simply because woman has not reflected—has not realized that these trifling things are leading to most fearful results. No mother—much less a Christian mother,—would give her child a draught which she knew would ultimately cause his death, yet we again assert, it is daily done! Woman does not realize her immense influence in social and domestic life. No custom, however time-honored, will continue long, if “the ladies” disapprove; whatever there is wrong in good society, continues to exist because such evils, are, at least tolerated by them. Still greater is the mother's influence. It has been truthfully said, that “during the first years of existence, the mother is the God of her child.” Whatever the mother loves is sacred to the child; whatever she abhors he shuns. Those virtues, or those vices, that she views with indifference, are not considered of much consequence by the child, whose immature judgement entertains no doubts of his mother's infallibility. If, then, the mother is accustomed to consider the occasional use of wine, cider, and beer as no evil—if she is in the habit of administering alcohol freely as a medicine, will not her children imbibe her principles on this subject—will they not more easily be led astray by an already formed appetite than those who have been taught “by precept and example too,” to shun the poison in its most attractive forms as they would the deadly Upas? If there is the slightest possibility of tempting a child to his ruin, should not every mother beware?

Mothers!—Christian mothers! before you suffer your children to taste one drop of aught that can intoxicate, think how short a distance it is, from this first draught to the midnight revel—to an unmarked death—to a drunkard's eternity!

Cora Leslie and Eugene.

We give place this month to a reply to the communication of Cora Leslie in our March number. We think it but right to do so, as the accused should always have the privilege of speaking in their own defence. We agree with both writers and take sides with neither; yet we can but think that our own sex are mostly at fault in the matter complained of. As regards the immoralities charged upon many of the gentlemen, they are but too true, as the writer admits, and in this respect we certainly are superior, as we think none will deny; but when it comes to the course pursued by each, when in company with the other, we think there is but little to be chosen between them. The gentlemen almost universally choose the society of those ladies who laugh and talk nonsense the most freely, and the ladies seem the best pleased with the company of those gentlemen who can play the trifter to the greatest perfection. It is our sex, that should take the lead in altering this foolish fashion, if fashion it may be called. They should strive to cultivate their own minds, and fit themselves for a life of usefulness, instead of trifling away their time in the manner in which so many of them now do. We believe that by so doing they might lead their associates of the other sex, to seek for higher and more ennobling enjoyments, and thus prevent their becoming addicted to the many vices into which so many of them now fall. Yet we would not rest the blame upon the young ladies alone; it is the fault of their education, and should be charged principally upon their mothers. They too often foster and encourage the faults of their daughters, and never teach them a better way.

In vain may we try to purify the stream when the fountain is corrupt. In vain may we expect our children to grow up virtuous and intelligent

while mothers are so unfitted for the duties devolving upon them. Our daughters grow up, marry and become mothers, without ever having the importance of such a step impressed upon their minds by those whose duty it is to fit them for it. There is generally no lack of what is called book learning, but this is too often a mere outside polish. They may con a book by rote, and perhaps have a pretty good idea of its meaning, but it is not this learning alone, that fits them for the duties of life. They may know all this, and yet have no depth of thought, no strength of judgment, no knowledge of the qualifications necessary to enable them to train up their own offspring in the way in which they should go. The mind is left unimproved, the intellect uncultivated. Their reading is light and fictitious and what wonder if their minds partake of the same character. As it is upon such that the training of our youth devolves, is it strange that so many of them are unprincipled and vicious?

We hope the time is coming, when our young ladies will lay aside that frivolity of character which now in too many cases belongs to them and aim at a higher standard of education than they have hitherto done. Then shall we see our youth growing up wise and virtuous, striving after such knowledge as shall ennoble and expand the mind, instead of desecrating the noble natures which God has given them, and yielding themselves up as victims on the altar of licentiousness and intemperance.

John B. Gough.

We had the pleasure of listening to one of the addresses delivered by this eloquent young champion of Temperance, on his recent visit to Auburn. Of course we went to hear Mr. Gough with high expectations, and in these we were not disappointed. We will not attempt a description of his address, as language would fail us to do so. Truly and faithfully, and with an unction and power which we have never heard equalled, does he portray the terrible evils of intemperance, and exhort his fellow beings to flee from them. The great charm of his speaking, and the secret of the complete control he has over the minds of his hearers is the unmistakable evidence, that what he says comes from his heart. Yes, John B. Gough is in earnest. His every word and look declare it. Deeply has he tasted of the bitter dregs, and oh! how eloquently does he warn the young men of the present day, against the debasing—soul destroying evils which flow from the use in any form of intoxicating drinks.

Long may this eloquent advocate of our cause be spared to labor in its behalf, and may his burning words sink deep into the hearts of the thousands, and tens of thousands, who listen to his thrilling and truthful appeals. He will speak in Auburn again on the 11th inst.

Complaints have reached us from several of our subscribers, that they do not receive their papers. We can only say that the papers are regularly mailed on the first of each month, and the fault must be with the Post Masters. We are sorry to have our subscribers lose their papers, and rather than it should be so, we will send the P. M.'s a paper free if they will send on their address.

To Correspondents.

The favor sent us by Silas Judd, Esq., in February, shall appear in due time. The one more recently received, is too lengthy for our little sheet. We fully agree with him, however, in the subject to which it relates.

"Pencil Sketches, by Irene," are welcome, but too late for this number. They shall appear in our next.

J. W. G., of Clarendon—we are pleased with your "lines," but they came too late for our outside page this month.

"De Forest"—we must decline your article. You need much practice before you write for the public. You spell badly—make use of capital letters where there should be none, and omit them where they should be used. Other errors might be pointed out, but these will suffice. We cannot give it an insert on in its present state, and have no time to re-write it. It is unpleasant for us to decline articles sent us, and we do it with reluctance, but the character of our paper demands it in some cases.

Communications should be sent in early in the month, to secure an insertion.

Our acknowledgments are due to E. O. C., of Fleming, C. E. C., of Fulton, R. B. W., of Albion, S. R. T., of Montezuma, and E. R., of Syracuse, all of whom have our thanks for the interest they have manifested in our enterprise.

Owing to circumstances which it is unnecessary to state, Mrs. MATTISON has retired from the Lily. Her connexion with it ceased with the second number. It is with much regret that we make this announcement, as it is with reluctance that we have parted company. We hope that we may be favored with articles from her pen. Other assistance has been secured, and we trust that the Lily will continue to deserve the praise which has been bestowed upon it, both at home and abroad.

VERMONT—LICENSE QUESTION.—The recent license election in Vermont, resulted in a majority of ten thousand, against license. Last year the State went for license, by a small majority. They have seen the evils resulting from thus opening the flood gates of intemperance, and have arisen in their strength and swept away license from the State. We hope that other States will ere long follow the example of Vermont.

"I wish the ladies had the privilege of voting," said a politician the other day. "Why," said a bystander, "do you think your party would gain strength thereby?" "Not particularly that; but it would be interesting to electioneer with them."

Father Matthew, the great champion of Temperance in Ireland, has again renewed his promise of visiting this country the coming summer—he leaves Ireland for that purpose early in April.

Mrs. H. A. Albro, your letter arrived just as our paper is going to press. All right—thank you.

BLESSINGS OF TEMPERANCE.—Of 1243 members of the sons of temperance in New Orleans and vicinity, only three died of cholera. There were 1500 died in all.

Another Victim.

We see by the Cayuga Chief of March 8th, that another victim has been offered up, on the altar of intemperance. It was a horrid sacrifice, and well may we exclaim with the editor of that paper, "who is responsible for the murder?"

A man by the name of Titus, a resident of Springport, was found dead on the rail road track a few miles west of Auburn on the 6th ult., with his body horribly mangled, and his head crushed. He was seen in Auburn the evening previous, much intoxicated. There seems to be nothing known with certainty as to his death, but there is no doubt but that he was crushed by the cars. He leaves a wife and children to mourn his untimely and cruel death. The Chief has the following remarks in regard to it:

Who is responsible for this man's death—murder! we might say? We answer, the rum-seller! Doubtless he procured his liquor in this city. If so, will not he who gave it to him have a terrible account to answer to before the tribunal of the Just? Will not the misery of the widowed wife and hapless orphan's tears go up to the throne of an offended God in judgement against him? Will he not shrink with horror from that ghastly face covered with bloody gashes, and that mangled and crushed form at the day of Judgement? Will he not cower before that heart-broken wife and orphaned children who will meet him in judgment to bear witness before the orphan's God?

Rum-sellers of Auburn, which of ye did the murder!

We looked upon his bruised features and a feeling of horror came over us as we thought it was all the effects of a cursed poison dealt out by hands eager to clutch the last three dirty coppers, the price of a fellow man's blood—and this sanctioned by law!

STILL ANOTHER.—A man by the name of John Brown, of Fleming, was found yesterday on the Common west of the Owasco River, and just above the big dam. He was discovered by a man owning an adjoining lot, quite dead, and is supposed to have lain there since Saturday, as he left Auburn Saturday evening, considerably intoxicated, and had not been heard of from that time until he was found dead. The verdict of the Coroners Jury was that he came to his death by apoplexy brought on by intoxication. He was about 50 years of age.—[Daily Adv., of the 21st.

AND STILL ANOTHER.—Two old men, one by the name of Fields, of Leoni, and another named Hyde, living not far from Mason, left Mason on the evening of February 28, each with an axe on his shoulder, and a bottle of rum for mutual use. The next morning Fields was found in the road not far from Mason, with his head nearly severed from his body, by repeated blows from an axe. Hyde was found about a mile and a half from there in a house asleep. He was immediately arrested as the murderer. [Pledge of Honor.

For the Lily.

A Reply to Cora Leslie.

LADIES:—I notice in the last number of the Lily, a communication signed by Cora Leslie, in which she brings grave charges against us "lords of creation," as she is pleased to call us, and which seems to require some notice, at the hands of those whom she accuses—the young men. Now, ladies, I belong to this latter class, and for one am willing to admit that there is much truth in Cora's remarks, but I would ask her if her own sex are not greatly to blame for our acting the part of "triflers and flatterers."

she says, (and she is right) that there are two classes of young men. The first she describes as "possessed of good moral character, and fixed unwavering principles of right." These she says, she can admire, and if permitted would love.—The other class she calls "butterfly beaux, who one moment bask in the smiles of her sex, filling their ears with flattery, extolling their virtues, and making them equal with the angels, and then leave them for the society of the dissolute and depraved"—these she declares she "cannot tolerate." Well, perhaps Cora cannot, but so far as my observation goes I think her taste is decidedly different from the majority of her sex. It is these butterfly beaux—these triflers and flatterers, that generally find the most favor with the ladies. It is upon them, that those who, like Cora, are fond of the society of gentlemen, lavish their sweetest smiles. How delighted they appear to meet them—how prettily and familiarly they receive them into their parlors. They hesitate not to play and sing for them their sweetest songs, and they are delighted to dance and sup with them at balls and social parties.

It is these favors so freely showered upon the second class described by Cora, that makes it so numerous, while the number belonging to the first class is comparatively small. In the presence of these "butterfly beaux" what chance with the ladies has a young man of "fixed unwavering principles" at the fashionable parties of the present day? Few would notice him, fewer still would encourage him, either by word or smile to act the part which Cora professes so much to admire. If the young ladies really admire men of fixed moral character, and despise triflers and flatterers, let them show fewer favors to the latter, and countenance more than they now do, the attentions of the former, and I can assure Miss Cora that there will soon be great improvements.

We are accused of talking "nonsense" to the ladies! Well, who can blame us? we like well to please them, and we have found by experience that such conversation pleases them best, and that if we wish to ingratiate ourselves into their good opinion, we must adopt it, however much we may deplore the necessity for it. My word for it, there are hundreds of young men who despise this nonsensical conversation, yet forsooth can use no other, in the presence of their associates of the "gentler sex," for the simple reason, that none other is acceptable. I do not blame the young ladies so much for this, as I do the mistaken system of female education, which directly countenances and encourages it. It is but too true that a large majority of the young ladies in these days cannot appreciate sensible and intellectual conversation, much less take part in it. If the system of education were changed—if the young ladies themselves would strive to lead conversation into a more useful and intellectual channel, young men would speedily follow the example, if from no other motive than a desire to please.

Cora complains that young men are intemperate, and guilty of many immoralities and improprieties. This is but too true; but the charge is not universal. There are many of them of "good moral character, and fixed, unwavering principles of right" who scorn the association of the libertine and the inebriate, yet they see the latter of the especial favorites of the ladies. If they

(the ladies,) would banish from their society all those who are guilty of the vices mentioned by Cora, they would do much to reform the conduct of such men and lead them instead, to tread the paths of temperance and virtue.

Upon whom then does it rest to correct the faults mentioned by Cora? She would say that it is the duty of the gentlemen to teach them a better way. Perhaps it is, but I pity the man who undertakes it. It would be dangerous for us to speak on the subject unless we were willing to forfeit their good opinion forever. No, it is not upon us, but upon themselves, that this reformation rests, and until they open their eyes to the subject, and strive to fit themselves for more intellectual enjoyments, they cannot expect us to treat them otherwise than we now do.

EUGENE.

For the Lily.

George N. Briggs.
BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

"The lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn, and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

[LONGFELLOW.]

During my stay at the Marlboro Hotel, in the city of Boston, I was introduced to the Hon. G. N. Briggs, the far famed philanthropist, and model governor of the "Old Bay State." I was struck at first glance, with the truthfulness of the picture drawn by that Poet, Philosopher, and reformer, James R. Lowell. It is written in corn-cobb style and if memory serves me faithfully, reads as follows:

"George N. Briggs is a sensible man,
He stays to his hum, and looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer as strait as he can,
And into nobody's tater patch pokes."

The next time I saw the Governor, was at a temperance meeting in Tremont Temple. Philip S. White, P. M. W. P., of the N. D., and the writer had spoken, when in accordance with previous arrangements, Governor Briggs was invited to address the audience. The moment he ascended the rostrum, the forum rang with rather obstreperous demonstrations of delight. He was evidently afflicted with a hoarse cold, and on that account complied somewhat reluctantly with the earnest solicitations of the managers of the meeting to make a speech.

As the Cadets of temperance were present, robed in their neat regalia, the Governor spoke principally to them. His lucid, logical, and eloquent remarks, awoke the attention and admiration of all present, who were competent to appreciate his beautiful sentiments. Shortly afterwards, I met him again one Sunday, at a Sabbath school in the city of Boston. He addressed the children, and teachers, in a most happy manner, and the lessons of virtue, morality, and religion, he inculcated, will not soon be effaced from the memory of those who were interested in his address. I saw him again in the procession, on his way to Faneuil Hall, to hear the Hon. Edward Everett deliver the eulogy on the death of the immortal Adams. On that occasion every office holder was bedizzened, and beplastered, with the tinsel, jewelry and regalia of office, except the

chief man in the multitude, (the Governor.) He wore nothing but a citizens dress, marked with a badge of mourning. Governor Briggs is one of the few great men occupying prominent position in society, who does not deem it beneath his dignity, to advocate the claims of the temperance cause—in the State-house, the church and the school house. He and ex mayor Quincy, refused to attend the dinner of the Revere house, (got up for the entertainment of the Senators, who came from Washington to attend the obsequies of the lamented Adams,) because wine was bro't upon the table. Governor Briggs is a noble specimen of man, of medium height, and stout built.—He wears a noble and thoughtful face, his brown hair is a little tinged with the frost of fifty winters, He dresses plainly, and wears no collar above his cravat. He belongs to the Baptist church, and takes a deep interest in the religious, and reformatory movements of the day. In the temperance field, he has won green laurels, golden honors, and an immortal name. When he shall have been forgotten as Governor of Massachusetts, he will be remembered as having been a consistent, efficient, unfaltering, and eloquent champion of the temperance enterprise.

An Address,

Delivered on the occasion of the Presentation of a Bible to the Sons of Temperance, of Montezuma, Feb. 22, 1849. By Mrs. S. R. TUTTLE.

HONORED SIR: Permit me, as a representative of the Ladies of Montezuma, on this, the birth day of our beloved and revered WASHINGTON, to express to you the respect and esteem which we bear towards your order, for the faithfulness and untiring zeal they have ever manifested, amid discouragements, which they have borne in the discharge of their many and arduous duties, in the cause of Temperance. And may the prosperity which has thus far attended this Division, by the blessing of Heaven, be still continued! And in behalf of those Ladies, whom I have the honor to represent, I would through you, present to the Montezuma Division of Sons of Temperance, this Bible, and beg them to accept it as a token of love, with our best and warmest wishes for their prosperity and happiness. And may the beautiful sentiments contained in that precious Book, be engraven on every heart, and cause you to walk in that strait and narrow path, which will lead you upward, to that holy Brotherhood above.

In placing this inestimable treasure in your hands, for the use and benefit of this Division, we earnestly pray that you will with common consent, adopt it as a lamp to your feet, and a lantern to your path, that when you shall have ceased to meet as brothers here, you may meet as brothers in those Angel bands above, where your labors of mercy will be rendered unnecessary. For there is no pain or sickness, sighing or sorrow there.—But all is joy and peace, and rapture unspeakable, through the boundless ages of eternity.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—I have found that the men who are the most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A due respect for woman leads to respectful action towards them; and respectful is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect, or want of interest.

For the Lily.

Drink from the Crystal Cup.

A Lily looked forth in the morning light,
'Twas fair and bright to behold,
With its leaves like the snow, all spotless and
white.

And its centre of sunny gold.

With the beaded drops of the early dew,
Its petals still were wet,
And the lofty stem, on which it grew,
Was green and stately yet.

The sun, on earth gazed, with eye of light,
And shed around his golden beams,
Making the Lily look still more bright,
And filling its heart with dreams.

Then the sweetflower breathed forth a song;
'Twas gentle as virtue's sigh, and low,
And I bent my ear, and listened long,
Ere I the strain could know.

It sang: "Drink, drink, from my crystal cup,
With nectar and honey-dew filled—
Drink, ere again is offered up,
The dew from heaven distilled."

The birds, and bees, have proved ere this,
That it's sweet to the taste, and pure,
To those who drink, 'twill bring naught but
bliss—
Then drink from my dew filled ewer."

Then more soft and low, till it seemed a sigh,
Grew the Lily's plaintive strain—
"I would do some good, ere I fade and die,
Shall my offer to man, be in vain?"

LINA.

Education of Girls for Mothers.

An early commencement of the education of men, has long been believed and thought to be essential. No parent or teacher expects to make a great and good man of a boy whose early training has been neglected, and who has, of course, been in the mean time studying in the school of vice. The character of our boys is believed to be formed and confirmed, for good or evil, long before their bodies have attained their growth; and their education is always conducted with more or less reference to the particular duties and labors they are expected to assume in after life. All this is well; agreeable, as well to all experience, as to the soundest reason.

And in reflecting upon the most prevalent modes of educating girls, the question naturally arises—why are fundamental principles, universally admitted to be both sound and indispensably applicable to the education of boys, completely overlooked in educating the other sex? From their first introduction into the world, female children are necessarily undergoing a process of education, which must tend to render them fit or unfit to sustain their future responsibilities. Under no possible circumstances can education exert a negative or an undecided influence; either good or bad it must be, and will be. Is there, then, anything in the physical, intellectual or moral nature and constitution of the female sex, which removes the necessity (acknowledged in the other sex) of an education adapted to their peculiar sphere of action? Are the duties and trials devolving upon the wives and mothers of America so irresponsible, and so inconsiderable, as to call for no particular preparation to sustain them?—Far from it. If possible, a suitable and sufficient education is more imperatively demanded in the female, than in the male. The stern necessities and realities of life, the daily contact with men, will, in many cases, serve to develop, though late, all the energies and powers of the man; and even if he fail once, his fall is neither irrecoverable nor final. But let all the arduous labors and rapidly accumulating responsibilities of the wife and the

mother be placed upon a young woman, educated in general after the most approved fashion—and if they sustain them, they are indeed so much the more noble—and if they sink under them, they sink not without company, yet without hope. For his own idea of the relative proportion, let each reader review the history of his own circle of acquaintance.

But this subject neither requires argument, nor will admit of it. To have awakened public attention to it, is to have made it self-evident, illustrated and proved it. If there is any such thing as education, the development of all the human faculties to their fullest extent, for present and future use, with any, the slightest reference to that use; and if this principle is already understood and applied in the education of the male, then it must be equally applicable to the female. And in despite of the folly of the present fashion, and of the fashion of the present folly in this respect, the time is near at hand when the peculiar duties and sphere of woman shall be as particularly remembered, in the education of our girls for women as now the particular profession chosen for our boys is remembered in their education for men.

[Wright's Casket.

Novel Reading Wastes and Exhausts the Sympathies of the Heart.

The theatre and the wine-cup have been justly charged with entailing sorrow on many a hitherto happy family; but it is the solemn conviction of the writer that the novel comes in for its full share of pernicious influence. Follow that young man, who has been lolling over the fictitious tale, behind the counter, or at his desk, to the domestic circle, and see whether he meets the glad steps of his sister as in the days of his childhood he was wont; or whether he returns the welcome of his mother with that ingenious smile which most gladdens a mother's heart. Mark the husband who has sought recreation from the pages of romance, and see whether he enters the home of his wife and children with a lighter heart or a kindlier greeting. Watch the mother who has been forced to descend from the ideal world to the prosaic employments of the needle, and see whether her heart seems in the work.—Look at the daughter who is accustomed to trim the midnight lamp, that she may pursue the waking dreams; why sits she so languidly by her mother's side? where is the glad voice that would have made labor light, or the willing hand to assist in that labor? Alas! the thoughts, and affections, and sympathies, which should have been consecrated to making a happy home, have been wasted on imaginary sufferings and ideal beauty. How many a wife owes the averted eye and heedless manner, and discourteous reply, that chill her confiding heart, to the false sentiments and impressions which her husband has gathered from the page of romance! The wife of his youth is no longer young. Disease, and perchance affliction have blanched her cheek, and thinned and silvered her locks; her step is no longer elastic, nor her form erect. True, her heart beats with an affection, if not as romantic, yet more deep and abiding than when she first listened to his early vows, but the fountains of his love have so often flowed out forward toward the creations of fancy that they have been exhausted and are dried up.—[Wright's Casket.

POWER OF WOMAN.—There is no human power on earth like that of a mother, a wife, a sister, to influence men to great effort, to generous aims to glorious deeds—nothing like it to qualify him to meet an emergency, to overcome any obstacle, to resist any temptation. Her tears can melt, her smiles can move, her frowns can chill, the warm current of the heart. Civilization—we mean Christian civilization—is every where indicated by the education, improvement, refinement and respect paid to the character of woman. The first and most important portion of our life, is under the tutelage of woman. The mind in these days, receives impressions which three-score

years and ten cannot efface. Her own with all its loves and hates—with all its refinement or vulgarity, with all its liberality or prejudice, is transfixed, permeated, and takes possession of the soul of the miniature man. Hence the magnitude of the importance of female education—not the education of the intellect alone, but the intellect and heart—the harmonious development of all the ennobling characteristics of woman. In this light, we see the necessity of having the mind of the mother and daughter thoroughly imbued with the great and glorious principles of Total Abstinence. If this idea should gain possession of their mind—if they should feel a dread of intemperance and horror of rum-selling, then would the children reflect, in thought, word and deed, these feelings, when they advance to manhood, and would, as voters, councilmen, Legislators and Judges, as soon impart influence to Piracy as to the traffic.

Nothing is too good to be done. Nothing is too loving for the heart. Nothing is too thoughtful for the mind. Nothing is too powerful for the mind. There cannot be too much piety, too much patriotism, too much philanthropy.

DIED.

In Phelps, on the 1st March, of disease of the lungs, CHARLES WILFRED, son of Franklin C. and Mary A. Bloomer, aged 1 year 8 months and 19 days.

"And couldst thou die, fair child?
Light of the eyes that fondly gazed on thee!
How could they follow to the tomb, and see
Dust on the fair brow piled?"

"Thou the bright worshipped one!
Whose morn gave promise of a fairer day,
How would their yearning hearts have bid thee
stay—

But the dread work is done!
"The grave, the silent grave,
Hath won thee from the hearts that lov'd so well;
Death hath dissolv'd a bright, a dazzling spell—
Not love itself could save!"

"Peace to thy quiet sleep!
Thou hast not known the fitful feverish strife
Of hopes, and fears, that deepen with our life,
And gather tears to weep.

"Then sleep! thou wert but given
As a rich perfume, briefly to repose
Upon the bosom of the parent rose,
And be exhaled to heaven!"

Temperance House,
AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.
ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

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